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Recognizing Autocracy

By many, doubtless, Lloyd George will be held personally responsible for the practical recognition of the Bolshevist power which Great Britain is to make in a few days.

But it is not so much the British Premier who will take the Lenine autocracy by the hand as elements in Great Britain which speak through him. Two powerful influences in England have urged on recognition. One consists of the British Labor party, which, so far as the Russian question is concerned, is controlled by a small group of intellectuals who are in sympathy with revolutionary ideas. Joined to them in advocacy of recognition are the commercial interests which, not looking far ahead and bothering little about principles, would capture the Russian market before others arrive.

The betrayal of those in Russia who have struggled against tyranny is so manifest that it speaks for itself. To take Lenine and his system into fellowship is to abandon those in Russia who fought for civilization and democratic ideals. Some Englishmen have reproached America for a moral lapse since the armistice. Will they now care to look in a glass?

Prudence as well as the claims of morality forbid strengthening a Russia which in its foreign relations avows its deliberate purpose to wage unceasing war, and which in its domestic policy is devoted to strangling liberty. One would think that after the experiences that come from making kaiserism strong no intelligent country would care to build up a successor even more sinister.

Enemies of Any League

Since the Presidential election few signs have appeared that the political elements responsible for the absence of the United States from Geneva have learned much.

They are still treating, as The Weekly Review notes, all objectors to their plan of flat ratification as stupid and malignant. They show no more respect for the popular will than they did for the Senate majority.

Our neighbor The World, chief organ of the Administration, is at the old business of misrepresenting Senator Harding. He said the other day that "the league is dead"—plainly meaning that the league of which an unmodified Article X is the heart is dead so far as concerns American participation. The World pretends that this cancels a long series of pro-league declarations by him. It also tries to make out that Senator Harding does not read the newspapers and is thus unaware that the league is now holding a meeting at Geneva. The World trifles with a great matter.

It stirs up bad blood. It keeps the league question in the mire of narrow-minded partisanship and bedevilment, and adds to the difficulty of entry into any kind of league. Has not sufficient harm been done by prior persistence in a course which inevitably provokes resentment? Why be helpful to Messrs. Borah and Johnson?

At any time during twelve months the treaty could have been ratified with reservations had the President been willing to nod his willingness. He would not. He preferred to have nothing rather than to have a single item of his demands return to him void. Governor Cox was driven practically to admit where lodged the blame for non-entry. He finally conceded the reservation principle and more than hinted he would accept the Lodge reservations. To keep up the old clatter is to show that pride of opinion is stronger than the desire to contribute to practical results.

The Democratic league campaign was based on the assumption that the people were unintelligent. It was believed they would not discriminate between *a* league and *the* league—between the Article X league and one without it. Wilson newspapers polled their readers, submitting the irrelevant question, "Do you favor a league of nations?" When the response was in the affirmative this was impudently advertised as an indorsement of the Wilson league.

The Republican leaders discriminated and went into the campaign with confidence that the voters would also discriminate. They did—by an overwhelming majority. Yet in another form the old trick question is again asked. The revival is not in the interest of either a league or the league.

The Lost Two Billions

Mr. Gillen's estimate of a $2,000,000,000 loss on Shipping Board operations is obtained by adding three items—shrinkage in values, overpayments of claims and disappearance of materials. He thinks that materials worth $500,000,000 have vanished from sight. Excess allowances for claims have not been figured up. They probably do not amount to more than a quarter of a billion. The other billion and a quarter is charged to depreciation.

Depreciation was inevitable. At the time the new fleet was projected all maritime nations were bidding for ships. Unlimited construction was thought to be the only sure means of countering the German submarine attack. The war was to be won with ships. Hence, cost ceased to be a primary concern. We built our vessels on an artificial price scale. An enormous shrinkage in value was bound to occur after the war, and would have occurred even if our construction had been skillfully handled instead of recklessly.

A large part of the amortization loss covered by Mr. Gillen's total is therefore a genuine war loss. The money disappeared like powder, the witness explained. It was, however, powder fired away. Vast quantities of powder and shell were fired away at the front with very slight results.

But the rest of the loss was avoidable, and the Shipping Board will have to shoulder responsibility for it. Incompetence is no more excusable in war than in peace. Perhaps it is less excusable. The Administration went about an enormous task with amateurish nonchalance. The shipping chiefs squabbled and the rudiments of organization were neglected. We are now getting the details of a pitiful episode in our governmental break-down. The energy and heart put into the war were put into it by the people, not by those who represented them in authority. It is the same story in all branches of war activity. Now the people have to pay for government shortcomings. Some will say that they deserve to do so, because the faults of a government are the faults of the people. But from our varied war experiences it is easy enough for the masses who fought the war to demonstrate that they didn't have a government made in their image.

Dressed in Brief Authority

Two occurrences of recent date furnish information concerning the qualities of the man now holding the important office of Comptroller of New York City.

Dr. John B. Ferguson, of the Board of Education and chairman of the board's committee on buildings and sites, was delegated by the board to attend, with five or six general contractors engaged in the construction of school buildings, a hearing before the Comptroller. Contractors are under suspicion as a consequence of the activities of the Lockwood committee, and Dr. Ferguson, who is qualified by personal attainment and experience, was to aid both the Comptroller and the contractors in clearing the atmosphere. He arrived at the Comptroller's office, and, after being compelled to wait for fifty-five minutes, finally received word from within that if the Board of Education had any business to perform it would please attend to it, and that if the Comptroller had any he would attend to it.

On the same day Acting Commissioner Eschmann of the Department of Street Cleaning called on the Comptroller with a view to expediting plans for combating the winter's expected snow and ice in the streets. The Comptroller, retorting that "it isn't going to snow," threw out several bids by contractors for snow and ash removal and declared "no contracts can be let now for anything."

The recital of the two incidents, typical of many others indicative of the mixture of bad temper, flaccid judgment and silly arrogance now engulfing the City Hall, may be submitted without comment.

De Valera's Critics

A disposition exists in some quarters to express dissatisfaction with Professor De Valera because he is attempting to organize, state by state, a society whose chief rite promises to be to spit, from the safe distance of 3,000 miles, on the flag of a friendly power.

Attention is called to the past record of the professor; to the fact of his Spanish-American descent; to the circumstance that after showing himself a friend of Germany during the war he owed his life, when taken with arms in his hands after the Easter rebellion in Dublin, to the truthful plea that he was an American citizen. He is even twitted for being above ground at all, for he widely advertised that if Terence MacSwiney perished he would not survive him, whereas the latest report from the professor's table is that he is still eating with great gusto.

These complaints show, it seems to us, lack of possession of one of our most valued national traits. It is the American habit to allow the foolish to go about as far as their folly dictates. Regularly in Philadelphia, never interfered with by the police, meets a society which holds that the deposition of James II in 1688 was an illegal act and that the true King of England to-day is an obscure prince who resides in Paris when not dodging his creditors. Humor leads us to smile wholesomely at the agitations of agitators, especially those who seek to embroil us in foreign quarrels. As President Wilson might have said, we are too proud to become angry.

Of course, a severe strain was put on American patience when De Valera boasted last spring, when a question was put to him, that "the Irish people wished and hoped that Germany would win the war." But if men of Irish descent can endure the insult thus given to the Irish people others can afford to ignore it and to allow the professor to continue without molestation to pass the hat.

A Veto on Constantine

The French Foreign Office announces that France and Great Britain will not recognize the new Greek government if it recalls Constantine to the throne. France and Great Britain are guarantors of the Greek state, which they created, in conjunction with Russia. They are pledged to maintain constitutional government in Greece, and they ejected Constantine because, in their opinion, he had put his royal prerogatives above the constitution.

That wasn't the only reason for Constantine's expulsion. He pretended to be a friend of the Entente and entered into various engagements with it, which he broke whenever he could. Correspondence which he and Queen Sophia had with the Germans shows that he was planning to coöperate with a German drive for Salonica by attacking Sarrail's armies in the rear. France and Great Britain couldn't have tolerated that, even if they hadn't been Greece's guardians. They were compelled, for purely military reasons, to safeguard their Salonica base.

Constantine's war policy was thoroughly insincere and treacherous, from the Entente point of view. His post-war policy, if he returns, will probably be equally hostile to France and Great Britain. These two powers greatly enlarged Greek territory and offered Greece a conspicuous rôle in the reorganization of the Near East. The Greek army has helped materially to check Mustapha Pasha in western Asia Minor. Greek forces hold the region east of the Dardanelles and also the district of Smyrna. Great Britain apparently intended to lean heavily on Greece in internationalizing the straits and setting up the new régime in Constantinople.

With Constantine back in Athens all these arrangements would be balked. The ex-King has shown himself to be stubborn and vindictive. Neither France nor Great Britain could depend on him to support their policies in the eastern Mediterranean. Were Rhallis and Gounaris to reseat him in the face of French and British protests, Venizelos's great work would quickly crumble. Against such opposition Constantine could not reap the benefits of the Sèvres treaty. Greece is dependent on her sea trade, which France and Great Britain can easily tie up. Since the new Greek government represents the farmers and the merchants of the mainland even more than the pro-German royalists, it would risk another political reaction by inviting a blockade. Probably a compromise will be sought and a clash with the Western Entente powers avoided. But Greece, under the new dispensation, will be thrown back again on her own narrow resources. She cannot hope to realize in any adequate measure the nationalistic aspirations which Venizelos's statesmanship had brought within reach.

To Every Lover of Art

The hard times which beset the Metropolitan Museum of Art should be turned into an occasion for strengthening the bonds between art lovers and this greatest of all our city's artistic glories.

The city pays a share of the expense of the museum. The rest is made up, and rightly, by the friends of beautiful things. This double support of a public institution is a common American practice, and has a strong basis in fitness and practical utility. The service of the museum is to every one—to the thousands of children who yearly drink in its lessons of beauty which can last a lifetime, to the students and artists and artisans who take from its halls and walls designs and inspiration, to the general public that flocks to see in ever-increasing numbers. The museum, however, has an especial place in the affections of those who love these visible works of art with especial knowledge and appreciation, the lovers of sculpture and painting and the other arts represented at the museum.

These friends of art have a greater interest in the museum, and it is fitting and right that they should support it with greater liberality than the casual citizen. The museum needs their money now as never before; but it needs their interest and attendance and moral support even more. There are varying grades of membership, from the $10 annual member up. The sum is a fluctuating amount proportionate to the means of the donor. The relationship established is the same whatever the contribution. The member receives tickets for himself and his family to receptions and lectures and for admission upon the pay days, Monday and Friday; he also receives the publications of the museum, in particular the illustrated Monthly Bulletin, describing accessions. This latter publication is of the greatest interest to every art lover. It is the beginning of an art education in itself.

But the relationship is the main thing, the interest and responsibility which the members of the museum should and do feel. There are at present 7,500 members of the varying classes. This number should be greatly enlarged—doubled at least. It is a pleasure to urge every Tribune reader who is interested to lend his aid, according to his means, to this noble and beautiful cause.

Coal and Greed

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Can any one who reflects be so dense regarding the evolutions of the coal business as seriously to consider that owing to a recent shortage in supply due to uncontrollable causes a crisis has arrived needing, perhaps, government intervention? Is it not true and does it not become increasingly clear that ever since the great strike the whole industry has been piped and honeycombed by an assortment of subterranean greedy combinations, whose aim is to create and keep alive a condition of suffering, need, sickness and death every winter, out of which they may exact a toll of lucre controlled only by their ever-growing criminal greed and selfishness? Why wait any longer for government control? Could any control be worse than that we have now? Imagine, if Nature had not been kind to us, the sort of protection this bunch, who have suddenly become busy, would give us against the elements!

A short time ago a party circulating Communist tracts was turned over to the police; justly so. Could any tract or comment on conditions be worse than the statement of our own Senators:

"We are strongly opposed to any form of government control, but the practical admissions of prominent coal men show there is guilt among the men somewhere who have the power to regulate the price of coal."

Then, why not smoke them out and punish them? If there is not a law to punish this type of humanity because it is not comprehended or supposed to exist, why not pass one? Shall we expose ourselves any longer to their tender mercies? God forbid!

WILLIAM N. TOSHACH.
Brooklyn, Nov. 16, 1920.

Balconies in Movie Theaters

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The recent appalling catastrophe that has occurred in one of New York's East Side motion picture theaters has brought home to us the urgent necessity of an immediate amendment to the section in New York's building ordinance, which permits a gallery in buildings that are not of Class A fireproof construction and that do not have open exterior courts, as required in the section covering first-class theaters.

The Motion Picture Theatrical Association of the World, acting at the request of its members and supporters, wishes to make an appeal to the authorities in charge to immediately cause an amendment of the present section permitting balconies in buildings that do not strictly conform with the requirements of Class A theater buildings, and to have this amendment prohibit the further use of all existing balconies in theaters that are not fireproof and Class A and that do not have open exterior courts and proper fire exits, as required by first-class theaters.

The Motion Picture Theatrical Association of the World, which has been in the course of organization for several months, is starting in a few days a nation-wide "housecleaning campaign" in the motion picture business. It will vigorously launch a crusade against objectionable films and objectionable posters, and its duties will be to protect the interests of the public, as well as the conscientious people engaged in the industry.

The M. P. T. is backed by over fifty of the most prominent civic, social and business organizations, and by a large number of the country's most active and most prominent individuals.

It also has the pledged support of all the leading people in the motion picture industry and more than 100 of the foremost newspaper and magazine editors.

JOHN A. QUINN,
President M. P. T. Association.
New York, Nov. 17, 1920.

A Sinn Féin Dictionary?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Perhaps your Irish correspondent, who is so anxious to learn why you called Ireland a "domestic" problem of Great Britain's consulted a Sinn Féin dictionary. I consulted Funk & Wagnall's and learned what I already knew to be a fact—that Ireland is one of the British Isles.

ELIZABETH CARTER.
(A Virginian.)
New York, Nov. 16, 1920.

A Christian Spirit

(From The Kansas City Times)

Some persons have been heard to marvel that those United States Senators who opposed woman suffrage were nevertheless reelected. They conclude those Senators must have put up a great fight to win. Not at all. If they had fought they would have been licked. What they did was to get down on their knees and ask forgiveness, just as other men do. And the women forgave them, just as they generally do. That's all there is to that election mystery.

The Conning Tower

Songs of the Stock Exchange—II.

Oh, I have some Oil and some Pere Marquette,
Some Hupp and some B. R. T.,
Some B. & O. and some Pullman Co.,
And some C. R. I. & P.

"Tommy Gray," writes Mr. Karl H. Kitchen, "and not Heywood Broun is the originator of the 'open coverlets openly arrived at.'" Well, our reply is that we doubt it. It appeared under Mr. Broun's signature many months ago; and if Mr. Gray can prove that he said or wrote it before the publication of it by Mr. Broun we'll apologize to Mr. Gray. And Mr. Broun will apologize to us daily and Sunday for ten years.

"Wrinkles Removed While You Wait," the sign in a Broadway beautorium reads. And, as L. H. observes, it is cheering to the ladies to learn that no longer will they have to leave their countenances and call for them a day or two later.

The Lost Divorced Husband

A NOVEL

BY STEPHEN SCEPKOWSKI

Fourteen years of age, and messenger boy to the Commission of Highways, Albany, N. Y.

In a large City there lived a broker, he had a beautiful wife. She went out to parties with other men, her husband did not say anything to her or never thought of a divorce. Her lover who came and took her to dances and parties, He framed up a scheme to make her believe that her husband goes to visit another woman, so he could marry her and get all of her jewels and money. The scheme worked and she divorced her husband, and a week later married her lover. Her present husband with her money ruined her former husband. Her former husband left for Alaska to start a new life. Nobody in the City knew where he went. The people that knew him thought he committed suicide. The next morning there was a body found strangled, cut, bruised, and very badly mutilated the man that was found was a burglar who burglarized the brokers pockets while the broker was asleep. And when the police searched the burglars clothes, they found the brokers wallet, watch, and diamond ring everybody that knew of his ruin thought it was the broker. Who lost his wife and fortune. While out North the broker meets his long lost brother, when 14 years of age ran away from home. This brother was one of the leading men in the village, and he was the proprietor of a saloon, and he owned a lot of property and was the richest man in the village. When the broker told his brother the story of his wife divorcing him and his ruin, the broker with his brother sold the property and returned to the civilized world, and there they find the brokers divorced wife scrubbing floors in an office building, and she told them the story about her husband, that he was a notorious crook and robbed her of her jewels and money. He forgives her and they marry over again, then the jewels are recovered and the crook was put in jail for ten years, and while trying to escape is shot dead by the police, and the brokers brother joins the army and meets a beautiful French girl in France and they get married. THE END.

Representatives of the army, navy, and diplomatic corps, and men prominent in the professional and business life of the country sat in the boxes beautifully gowned and resplendent in jewels.—The Globe.

Dear! dear! that's how Rome began slipping!

The esteemed Marion, O., Board of Education, at the meeting when it voted to change the name of the Marion High School to Harding High School, adopted the policy that "partisan activity on the part of teachers in future political campaigns would be cause for suspension or dismissal."

Prohibition Mother Goose

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Brewer's Man,
Make us some beer as fast as you can:
Malt it and Hop it and Keg it with glee
And hide it in the Cellar for Tommy and Me.
WILLIS WILLISTON WILSON.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON at 89 observes: "May my end be early, speedy, and peaceful! I regret nothing done or said in my long and busy life. I withdraw nothing, and, as I said before, am not conscious of any change in mind. In youth I was called a revolutionary; in old age I am called a reactionary; both names alike untrue. . . I ask nothing. I seek nothing. I fear nothing. I have done and said all that I ever could have done and said. There is nothing more. I am ready, and await the call."

A VERY good prose version of Henley's well known poem. As for regretting nothing, a man at forty would be glad to unsay and undo many things. At seventy, and decidedly at eighty-nine, these things have so diminished in importance that it is not worth while withdrawing them.—B. L. T. in The Chicago Tribune.

Even at an age younger than forty a man may feel that the foolish things he has said and done aren't worth while erasing from the record, especially as the record probably is made of the flimsiest paper and written with extremely delible ink.

Or, thus:

The Anti-Mortem Statement of a Wise Man

I've said and done an awful lot,
And most of it was mistake,
Unsay? Undo? Well, I guess not!
What difference did it make?
F. P. A.

Empty Jobs on the Farm

$4 a Day in the Country and No Takers

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Day after day I read in The Tribune of the unemployed in the city. Day after day we farmers hope against hope that somewhere we may be able to get labor.

I personally need four men; other farmers of my acquaintance over a radius of twenty-five miles need men to get in the harvests, and none of us can get them.

Last week I employed a man at 40 cents an hour. He worked two days and refused to work longer because I paid a woman 40 cents an hour. The woman did just twice the work of the man by measure, yet the man would not work alongside of a "lady" unless I would pay him more than I paid the "lady." Such is the independence of farm laborers when we can get them at all.

I pay a man $120 a month and his wife and another woman 40 cents an hour, and am eager for four men or women or boys. None to be had, yet the cities seem to house thousands of unemployed.

I have traveled miles and miles the last two weeks trying to get help, without a man, woman or boy to be had, and should the winter start in early I will lose heavily with crops in the ground, as will other farmers.

It's the same old question: Does the city man prefer the city without labor to the country at $4 a day?

A FARMER.
Riverhead, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1920.

Commuters' Rights

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial in to-day's issue, "Pleasing the Commuter," is a plain, straightforward statement of the facts.

The "Commuter from Bloomfield" is only one out of hundreds that are "penalized" for neglect to carry their tickets, but, as you say, the blame, in recent years, is entirely on the public, through its unfair treatment of the railroads in not protecting them legally from fraudulent practices.

Some of the European conveniences for commuters might well be tried here; in England a commuter does not have to show his ticket more than an average of a dozen times a year; season tickets are issued for one, three, six or twelve months, as desired, at favorable rates, entitling the proper holder to travel as often as desired between stations named on the ticket, such tickets being signed by the purchaser at time of purchase. Tickets are called for for inspection at infrequent periods, sometimes three times in one week, and sometimes a period of two months may intervene before the conductors come through with "All tickets, please." If an honest commuter has inadvertently left his ticket home, a receipt is given him for his fare and he signs the conductor's voucher, claiming and receiving refund for same on production of his "season" and verification of the signature.

The railroads are protected through the law against fraud by prosecution, with fine or imprisonment for those found guilty of defrauding the road by the use of another person's ticket or for claiming to hold a season ticket when such is found to be not the case, convictions usually being published in the commuters' local paper.

Assuming that 99 per cent of commuters are honest, what a boon this is to them; not to mention the saving of conductors' and ticket agents' time where many permanent residents purchase long-term tickets.

The railroads would hardly oppose similar conveniences here if proper protection would be given them by the courts. HAROLD BROCKELBANK.
New York, Nov. 17, 1920.

"Drive Carefully To-day"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: According to an official of the National Safety Council one person is killed every thirty minutes in the United States as a result of an automobile accident. Of course, the rate is higher in New York State.

Let's make it less. I am urging leading editors everywhere in the state to coöperate with me. Urge your city, your nearby towns, your automobile clubs to erect signs reading:

"Drive carefully to-day!"

Most any one is willing to drive carefully for one day at a time. That is the way to educate the people. Most any one is willing to respond to such an appeal. Now is a good time to get ready for 1921. Will you help save a life? Thank you.

ALFRED J. WESTENDORF.
Springville, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1920.

The Shortage of Nurses

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In reference to Mr. Coler's article in yesterday's Tribune, may I draw the Commissioner's attention to a few facts concerning the nurse after she has graduated?

It is not the educational requirements, three years of training or pay during the course, but the hours of duty demanded of the graduate to which she objects. The pupil nurse sees her sister graduate reporting for duty promptly at 7 a. m., with no relief until 7 p. m., paid at the rate of 50 cents an hour, each day in the week, including Sunday.

May we suggest to our Health Commissioner, Royal S. Copeland, an eight-hour schedule for the graduate as an incentive for young women to enter training schools?

Let us not lower the standards of our profession by lessening the requirements demanded by the state, but make the hours of the graduate more attractive.

EX-SERVICE NURSE.
New York, Nov. 16, 1920.

A Tough Outfit

(From The Portland Press)

The Democratic leaders are now occupied for the most part in earnestly protesting that the Democratic party is not dead. Of course it is not dead. A party that could survive slavery, repudiation and Bryanism won't be destroyed by an old-fashioned licking, even if it was the worst on record.

Books

By Heywood Broun

Drop whatever you are doing and read Floyd Dell's Moon-Calf. Yes, Main Street can wait. It may be a little disturbing to readers of this column to find us hailing some new book as the greatest of the year or the greatest of the century, or something like that, only to bob up a few weeks later with still another greater than the greatest. We can only plead that the year has been rich in work of the first class by Americans. The age of prosperity seems to have begun. These are good times. This is no day to be modest about American literature. For so long a time there has been so much to be modest about in work by native authors that now we ought to break the silence with something more than whispers. No newspaper reviewer has a right to be anything but hoarse in a season which has seen Miss Lulu Bett, Main Street and Moon-Calf.

Something is stirring. In various dots upon the map men and women are beginning to look about them and, having looked, to see visions and dream dreams.

Unfortunately, there is something about truly significant work which puts a blight upon any expression by this reviewer. It is easy to comment on things half said or falsely said, but what is there to be added or explained when a man has drawn a figure so completely and vividly as Dell's Felix Fay? In the gallery of Carnegie Hall the other night a man borrowed our program and pointed to "The Death of Siegfried." "That's why I came," he said. "Whenever that piece of music is played anywhere within reach of New York I go." Then he leaned back and knitted his brow in an effort to find adequate expression for the emotion it aroused in him. "I'll say it's some funeral march," he said.

"I am, you will note," Floyd Dell wrote to us a week or so ago, "suggesting that moon-calfishness has a meaning beyond what it may suggest on the cover of a new book of fiction; and since a writer of fiction cannot force his point home too obviously, he depends upon the astute critic to see what he has hinted at."

But Mr. Dell has in this case called, not upon an astute critic, but a broken reed. We think we take the hints in the book well enough, but we are of no mind to assume the responsibility of interpreting a book which is perfectly clear and straightforward. Shaw, for instance, has done it in the little scene at the end of "Heartbreak House," just after the explosion:

Mazzini (sitting down)—I was quite wrong, after all. It is we who have survived; and Mangan and the burglar——

Hector—The two burglars——

Lady Utterword—The two practical men of business——

Mazzini—Both gone.

Moon-Calf brings forward again, we think, the suggestion of the ultimate triumph of "the terrible meek," although we hasten to add that there is no evangelical significance in Dell's book.

It is in no phase a book to make the reader pucker his brow. Some months ago a friend told us that Dell was writing a novel and quoted him as having said that he had just been psychoanalyzed and that he did not see how any man could write a novel before such a searching process or fail to afterward. We came to Moon-Calf, then, with the foreboding that it might be a little heavy with self-conscious Freudian significance. It is not. To be sure, the novel is enlightened with much of the new knowledge of childhood which has come to men through the study of the subconscious, but not once in the book is there any effort to befuddle or overawe the reader with the catchwords of the trade. The book is at its best, indeed, in the early chapters, which deal with the boyhood of Felix Fay. No writer of our day has gone so fully or so deeply into the heart of a child. A great deal of highly amusing and interesting material has been written in America about children. Perhaps it is the thing which America has done best, but most of it is superficial. Tarkington's Penrod, for instance, is the best fun in the world, but he is always on show. He is a boy seen by a keen-eyed and sympathetic grown-up. But sympathy is only a bridge. Dell needs nothing like that. He is much closer. He has made the leap.

"The writing exercise was in progress. Felix had finished it long since, and sat dreaming of his future. He was picturing his return, as a famous man, to Maple. The people of the town had just put a brass plate on the corner of Blair's boarding house, just as he had read about in books in similar cases, proclaiming the honor he had done the town by being born there. And as he dreamed, he unconsciously wrote on his tablet, 'Felix Fay, the Great Novelist, was born here, May 10, 1886.'

"The principal was softly making the rounds of the room. Felix had not seen him enter, and was not aware of his presence until he saw the tall shape leaning over his shoulder, looking at his tablet. Felix was proud of his handwriting, and he pushed the exercise over for the principal to see. But the principal continued to look at the tablet. He had seen the name on the side of Blair's boarding house that noon, and now he had found the culprit.

"'Are you Felix Fay?' he asked.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Did you write your name on the side of Blair's boarding house?'

"The question came like an earthquake. Felix had forgotten all about it. Now he realized that he had committed a crime in thus desecrating the civic landscape.

"'Yes, sir,' he said faintly.

"'What did you do that for?' the principal asked sternly.

"At that moment Felix became conscious of the telltale words written on the paper before him. He blushed all over. Those words seemed to him a naked revelation of his secret thoughts. He wanted to destroy the paper, but he could not make a movement.

"'I don't know,' he said dully.

"'You don't know?' repeated the torturer. 'You must be very proud of your name.' He took up the tablet on which the name was written. 'What's this?' he exclaimed, looking at it more closely.

"Felix shrank into his clothes, while the principal read it over carefully to himself. Then he turned to Felix.

"'I want you,' he said, bitingly, 'to show the room what you have been doing instead of writing your lesson. Write that on the board three times.'

"Miss Croly, the teacher, flushed angrily, and made a protesting gesture.

"As one under sentence of death, pale, but rigid, to conceal his trembling, Felix walked slowly to the blackboard, faced the whole room, with its hundred staring eyes, lifted his head proudly, turned to the blackboard and wrote the offending sentence slowly in large, defiant letters.

"Then he crumbled the chalk between his fingers, let it drop to the floor and walked back to his seat.

"There was a hush all over the room. Nobody knew what it meant. Felix's bearing was so little like that of a culprit that it did not seem that they were intended to laugh at his discomfiture. The principal was embarrassed. 'That,' he said finally, 'is what is known as egotism,' and went out."

We'll say it's some novel.

Oxford and the Hun

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have the impression that a great many hasty readers of newspapers may have assumed from the casual perusal of the story recently printed about Oxford University "making peace with German professors" that the university had forgotten the war, its many sons who died, and meant to fraternize officially with the Huns.

Two letters on this subject, which appeared in The London Times of November 5, may be worthy of space in your paper. I quote them herewith. The Vice-Chancellor says:

"I had hoped that it would not be necessary for me to write on the subject of the letter sent from Oxford to the German professors. But as evidence reaches me that a wrong and an unfortunate impression still prevails about it both at home and abroad I think it my duty to make a public disavowal of it. The University of Oxford was in no way responsible for it or associated with it. It was merely a private expression of sentiment on the part of certain of our members who neither possessed nor claimed the right to speak for the university."

Mr. Ernest Myers says:

"Perhaps I may cite in this matter the carefully formed opinion of a witness as dispassionate and kindly as he was wise—my cousin and dear friend, Cecil Spring Rice—who was for some years Secretary of Embassy at Berlin. Shortly before he went out as Ambassador to the United States he gave me his views at some length on Germany and his reasons for thinking a German assault inevitable. The fatal element, he held, was the preaching of professors and schoolmasters. Military influence might be somewhat checked here and there by popular discontent with Prussia and the 'military caste,' but the educational influence, with its corrupting promises and unceasing mendacity (of which the absurd depreciation of British science is but a moderate specimen), did far more harm through its ubiquitous agents. How many of these leopards have changed their spots?" G. F. THOMSON.
New York, Nov. 17, 1920.

The Blessings of Dryness

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have noticed in a number of the New York papers a news item from Chicago claiming that since prohibition husbands have become surly and unkind to their wives and children.

This is a very strange statement indeed, and it does not seem credible that such a condition should exist, because social workers are almost unanimous in telling us that since prohibition home conditions have greatly improved in places where it has been enforced and wives and children have profited by the absence of alcohol.

I should like to call your readers' attention to the November 6 number of The Survey Magazine, which contains a study of prohibition in Grand Rapids, Mich., where it has been in effect for two years. In this study the following statement is found dealing with the effects of prohibition on the home:

"Families spend more time together. The front porch and the garden have come up as the corner saloon has gone down. Children are better cared for. Mothers know, some of them for the first time, what it is not to be on the grocer's books. Fathers take notice of shabby furnishings and help save up to replace them. The whole town is better dressed."

This does not look as if prohibition made surly husbands!

In another part of the magazine Winthrop D. Lane reports the case of a woman who said of her life since her husband stopped drinking:

"Now we really live. You bet everything is different. When folks ask me how long I have been married I tell them 'three years'—the other years are bygones, just as if they hadn't happened. And now we go out together and have got our debts paid."

The same writer says that a Catholic priest told him that the periodical drunkard had ceased to exist. This priest said:

"He used to be a problem. Women would come to me and pour out their hearts about the drinking of their husbands. Now it is a very rare thing."

The article is filled with instances which prove that prohibition makes better and happier homes. A DRY.
New York, Nov. 17, 1920.